

July 2019

# The Cradle Hymn

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Cradle Hymn" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 65.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/65](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/65)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).





# THE CRADLE HYMN.

## New Version.

Hush! **GREAT BABE!** lie still and slumber,  
Troops of Lancers guard thy bed,  
Chinese gimcracks, without number,  
Nicely dangle o'er thy head.

The Qu—n's return's a trifling matter,  
Let her face us if she dare;  
We will shake our **GREEN BAG** at her,  
She will ne'er be crown'd, I swear.

You shan't fail for want of backing,  
D—n their *Notes* and *Protocols*;  
We shall send the jade a' packing,  
You shall have some **PARIS DOLLS**.

Should the **GREEN BAG** project fail us,  
Call in holy **WILB—F—CE**;  
Cant and blarney may avail us,  
To accomplish the **Divorce**.

Start not at the rabble's shouting,  
Trust to me and **CASTLE—GH**,  
Never mind old **ELD—N**'s doubting,  
Send the saucy jade away.

Never heed **BURDETT** or **HOBHOUSE**,  
**LAMTON**, **BENNETT**, **WOOD**, or **COKE**;  
I will flam the dirty-job-house,  
**CANNING** please it with a joke.

Pamper all your Royal fancies,  
Order mantles, stays and wigs;  
**VAN** will manage the finances,  
**HUME** may run his idle rigs.

Whether view'd in robes of state, or  
Glitt'ring in a fancy dress,  
Wisdom cannot make you greater,  
Folly cannot make you less.

**PARIS DOLLS** will much amuse you  
When fatigued with forms of state,  
Should the living fair refuse you,  
They might yield no common treat.

Troops of soldiers shall attend you  
Muff'd and lac'd, and gilt so fine,  
They shall valiantly defend you,  
From the two-legg'd rabble swine.

Hold the **PRESS** in close submission,  
Keep the **RADICALS** in awe;  
Call **REFORM** the worst **SEDITION**,  
Yet, observe the **FORMS** of **LAW**!

Thus you'll pass your time securely,  
And your baubles all retain;  
I shall aspirate demurely  
*Heavens!* what a **GLORIOUS Reign!**

Price, with the Engraving, coloured, 1s.

“THE DEVIL'S BALL; or, THERE NEVER WERE SUCH TIMES.”

Words only, 2d.—with coloured Engraving, 1s. 6d.

Published by **T. DOLBY**, 299, Strand, and 34, Wardour Street, Soho.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]